Numb 97.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ut ſe ipſum laudare Servato decoro vix Conceditur, niſi in Caſibus admodum raris; ita vocationem Suam & munus quod gerit, aut Studia quibus ſe addixit laudare quis cum venia poſſit, imo cum Sparce quadam Magnanimitatis. Bac. Verulam.

From **Wednesday** February 22, to **Friday** February 24, 1710.

Artesia's Day.

From my Drawing-Room.

LUCINDA told you in her laſt what I ſaid of the Deſign and Uſefulneſs of *Tatlers*, but forgot to tell you that when I had done, the Company voted for the plurality of them, and ſeveral were of Opinion, that if the *Male* had not been ſo Old, we might have encreaſed and multiply'd before now, but it is impoſſible to pleaſe every body. This Afternoon an Elderly Gentlewoman complain'd how mightily ſhe had been offended at our Prophaneneſs, (as ſhe call'd it) in comparing *Tatlers* to *Sermons*: I was ſo far from making any Apology for it, that I told her, I wou'd not allow of the Compariſon, unleſs the latter were of the right Stamp; for that there were ſuch of them that I ſhould be aſham'd the worſt *Tatler* of the Society ſhould be ſeen in their Company. *Pray Madam*, reply'd the Old Lady, *explain your ſelf what you mean by the right Stamp, I ſhall be very glad to dive into that Secret, for I have long'd a great while to know what Party you and your Siſter were of.* With all my Heart ſaid I, *Madam*, I call no Sermons ſo but thoſe that what Occaſion or Solemnity ſoever they were made on, always purſue their Original Intent, and without regard to Times or Seaſons, are calculated for no other Meridian than the Temporal Tranquility and Eternal Happineſs of Mankind: To whoſe Authors the following Lines may ſincerely be apply'd.

Their Zeal and Doctrine Pure, and what they Teach
As Peaceful as the Goſpel, which they Preach

As to the Party we are of, it is that which meddles with no Faction or encourages any ſort of Rebellion whatever, and deteſts all Trumpeters of Sedition: We are of that Party that far from ſiding with any, inſtead of corroding Arguments to uphold the one againſt the other, ſtudies how to prevent the Miſunderſtandings, and allay the Animoſities of all, that without wiſhing ill, much leſs deſtroying, either Party would extirpate the Names of both, and heal up the Wounds of our unhappy Diviſions, with that admirable *Panacea* of Concord and Unanimity.

From my CLOSET.

Nothing I think is more able to inſpire us with Reſpect to Old Age, than when we trace backward the Actions of our Lives, and review the Errors and Deficiencies of our Younger Years. I can often Entertain my ſelf an Hour or two with thinking on the Innocent Plays of Childhood, and the Silly Diverſions of my Infancy; and ſometimes I have found the Reſult of thoſe Thoughts not altogether unprofitable. Juſt now my Eye fell upon a *Joynted Baby* that I uſed to take great delight in, and often paſs away my time with, even when I was a great Girl, and wou'd have been aſham'd to have been catch'd at it: The ſight of this puts me in mind of a *Cozen* of mine, that generally was my Play-fellow, and I can't forbear thinking how our darling Vices often accompany us from our Cradle to our Grave, and the Seeds of our Humours are obſervable long before the Plants come to any Perfection. This *Cozen* I ſpeak of is a Year Younger than I; when we were little ones and at Play together, ſhe never was pleaſed but when ſhe was the Miſtreſs, and always lov'd to ſeem a Stately Imperious *Dame*, that was ſtrict and ſevere over all her Family; if ever ſhe happen'd to be the Maid, ſhe was either very Pert or very Moody, and always took delight in perſonating a ſaucy One: She is Married now, has abundance of Wit, and is certainly the Proudeſt Woman now Living.

The Witty Gentleman, than tinder the borrow'd Name of *Bickerſtaff*, in ſpight of his Age and Principles, ſo admirably acts a Compaſſionate Virtuous Old Man, wraps himſelf up in very artful Diſguiſes, and yet with all his Senſe, cannot hinder his Darling Vice from breaking thro' in all his *Lucubrations*; whoever he is, the Old Man is reſpected, and every body has a particular Eſteem for him: In his Club he is the Wittieſt of the Company; and if he tells us that they take him to be a Man that don't underſtand the World, it is done in ſuch a manner, that it only ſhews their Folly in thinking ſo: If any body writes to him, it is to the Cenſor of *Great Britain*; he acts nothing but in his Chair of *Judicature*, keeps a Secretary and other Officers, and commits a hundred Things more, that are all undeniable Arguments of Pride, and make the *Iriſhman* known.

——— Vitio gentiſque ſuoque.

I need not be told that all theſe Things are (as the Children ſay) not Indeed, and only in Play, and I own it ſeems incredible, that Men and Men of Senſe too, ſhou'd be guilty of ſuch Childiſh Pleaſures; but yet from the experience I have of ſome Tempers, I am very well aſſured that there are People ſo full of themſelves, and ſo over-ruled by their Vanity, as to be affected

fected and pleased with imaginary Titles of their own Creation, rather than live a Moment without gratifying their Pride.

Thus far I was advanced too Hours ago, when I was interrupted by a Relation that has spent some Years in Travelling, and is newly come to Town. I was glad of the Opportunity, and did not question but he would have furnish'd me with sufficient Matter to finish this Paper; but having found him very empty, I shall, since he has made me lose my Time, present you with a Fable of *English* Growth, which I think not only applicable to my Kinsman but all Travellers like himself.

The CARP.

A handsome Carp *genteely bred,*
In fresh and running Water fed,
Puff'd up with Pride and Vanity,
Forsook the Thames *and went to* Sea:
Thro' Shrimps *and* Prawns *he cuts his way,*
Sees Cods *and* Haddocks *frisk and play;*
He ask'd some Questions, but in vain,
All spoke the Language of the Main:
He frets he can't be understood;
When at the latter end of Flood
Two Herrings *vers'd in Languages*
Were talking about Business;
Carp *heard 'em, as he swum along,*
Discoursing in his River Tongue,
And made a stop, they did the same,
One of the Herrings *ask'd his Name,*
And whence he came; the Traveller
Reply'd, I am a Stranger, Sir,
Come for my Pleasure to these Parts,
To learn your Manners and your Arts:
Then Herring *asks, what News of late?*
Which are your Ministers of State?
Indeed, said Carp, *he could not tell,*
Nor did much care, quoth Herring *well,*
What Laws, what Form of Government?
Are Taxes rais'd, without consent
Of Parliament? What Courts of? 'Pish,
Says the other, I am a gentle Fish.
And we know nothing of those Matters;
Quoth Herring, *I'm no Fish that flatters,*
I find you've neither seen nor read,
And wonder you should break your Head,
With what's in other Countries done,
That knows so little of your own.
At this the Haughty Fool takes snuff,
Turns from 'em in a mighty huff;
And whilst he slides and flourishes
He meets a Country Fish of his,
One us'd to Sea, a subtle Spark,
A Pike, *that serv'd his time t' a* Shark.
Who leads him into Company
Of Riot and Debauchery.
The scandalous Gang in little time,
Infect him with the Salt, and Slime:
They robb'd his Row, till scurvily
At last he's forc'd to leave the Sea.
His Scales begin to drop by scores,
And all his Body's full of Sores.
Half of his Tail, and Snout are gone,
And he lean, shabby and undone
Sneakes Home, as Vain and Ignorant,
As e'er he was before he went.

The MORAL.

Some Fops, that visit France *and* Rome,
Before they know what's done at Home,
Look like our Carp *when come again;*
Strange Countries may improve a Man,
That knew the World before he went;
But he, that sets out Ignorant,
Whom only Vanity intices,
Brings nothing from 'em, but theis Vices,

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